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devices. But until virtually all our teachers of Latin are well-trained, let us advocate the use of books and authors that the rank and file of instructors cannot wholly spoil.

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NOTES ON SUMMER TRAVEL IN ITALY AND DALMATIA

So many friends have urged me to tell them present conditions of travel in Italy in the summer that I wish to send an early answer through the pages of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY that may help decide indefinite plans for another season. First let me say that the American newspapers generally are no guide about anything Italian; to one who is here their representations of Italian conditions seem about as unsatisfactory as our present knowledge of the heart of Russia. Since I crossed the Alps and at Bardonecchia knew I was on Italian soil, I have been in a quiet country, with a *facchino* always on hand to carry my suit-cases, delicious Italian food, fruit and wines even at railroad stations, magnificent opera being given in midsummer, at Milan and Verona, the brilliant pageant *Palio* run at Siena, and the art galleries of Florence open with an illuminating new arrangement of their treasures. And, though Italy is in the midst of the social and industrial reconstruction that is affecting the whole world, while the red flag flies from factories occupied by workmen, all the country, watching the experiment with interest, continues its normal life. Judging from my own experience, I must add that excellent accommodations in pensions and hotels are easy to find, and reasonable in price, that the Italians wish tourists for the income they bring to the country, and that there is no general feeling of antagonism towards Americans.

So much for external conditions. Personally I feel it is a wonderful time to be here when a new Italy in a new *risorgimento* is struggling with gigantic throes to a stature as yet unrealized. While the trenches along the Piave are still unfilled, while great concrete foundations for anti-aeroplane guns still crown the point of Sirmione and an officer's fort is camouflaged in the "Grotte di Catullo" (vivid traces of the Great War), and while the Adriatic problem is as unsolved as it was in the days of the Ligurian pirates, Italy's thought burns with memories of her dead and projects for the living, and at one time tries to solve internal reconstruction and the immemorial conflict between the East and the West. To begin, even, to understand this new Italy it is necessary to live with it.

Travel is easily possible, not only throughout Italy, but to Dalmatia. For the knowledge of Italy, old and new, at least a week in Dalmatia should be included in a summer itinerary. You all know the famous monuments which have attracted the classical scholar across the Adriatic (the amphitheater at Pola, the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato), but, since I have not been able to find any adequate *guida*, I wish to jot down notes

of the richness of my own limited, but unusual, trip. Crossing Italy from Florence to Faenza, from Faenza to Ancona was in itself most illuminating. The journey should be made by day for the scenery of the Apennines and the topography of the Eastern coast, which the railroad skirts from Rimini to Ancona, a low, sandy beach, stretching for miles level, beaten by the roll of the surf, exposed at every point to attack. As the train jogs slowly on, memories come rushing to supplant and supplement modern names. Here at Forlì (Forum Livii) was born that brilliant young poet, beloved by Vergil, who ruined his career in politics, Cornelius Gallus. Is this tiny trickle of water the fateful stream where the die was cast? Rimini (Ariminum) shows a long, narrow water-way, filled with golden, bronze, and crimson sails, but no glimpse from the train of the arch to Augustus which still commemorates his restoration of the Via Flaminia. The Metaurus River is visible, spreading broad and shallow over green meadow, near which, further back from the coast, two consuls checked Hasdrubal's advance and ended forever Hannibal's hopes. Now at sunset we come to the Greek-named elbow of Ancona's harbor, with the arch marking Trajan's quays and the columns of the temple of Venus gracing the interior of the cathedral on the heights.

Comfortable steamers running regularly from Ancona to Zara or Sebenico with good meals for good sailors make the next day on the Adriatic a joy for those who do not mind a *mare un poco cattivo*. The crossing is an ocean voyage in miniature, out of sight of land for hours, ending in the magnificent surprises of the approach to the Dalmatian coast. Going to Zara, the boat threads its way through a labyrinth of multi-colored islands, approaching what seem unscalable heights, for the distant land shows one long ridge of sheer, blue mountains. As one nears shore, the range recedes a little and leaves visible the narrow strip of coast which is Dalmatia. There could be no greater contrast than this between the low, Western coast-line of the Adriatic and this rock-bound shore, defended absolutely by triple lines of islands, harbors completely fortified by nature, and the protecting rear-guard of Velebit range and Dinaric Alps. The topography itself is what makes the Italians say that the sea unites and the mountains divide; that Italy can never maintain the peace for which she fought so heroically in the Great War, unless she can, from the Dalmatian side of the Adriatic, police what must be *mare nostrum*.

Zara is a city with an atmosphere of culture and pride in her long history of Illyrian, Roman, and Venetian days. At the library, I met its *custode*, Professor Vitaliano Brunelli, who in 1913 published the first volume of his scholarly history of the city, dedicated "A Zara gentile con affetto e riconoscenza di figlio". There he traces the ancient conflicts that swept sea and coast from the hegemony of the Illyrians to the incursions of the Greeks from the South and the Celts from the North, the Roman conquests of the third century,

the attack attempted by Philip of Macedon for Hannibal's aid, then the formation of the Roman province, the visits of Julius Caesar the dissensions of Caesarians and Pompeians, the victories of Pollio and Octavianus whose spoils gave two public libraries to Rome, the peace attained in the status of an imperial province in the Augustan age. All this ancient history Professor Brunelli records from the sources with as careful and as sure a touch as he does the Venetian.

Much ancient evidence was at hand for him in the Zara Museo, in Ligurian and Roman antiquities and monuments. Though Zara boasts traces of old Roman wall, a Roman arch, two stately Corinthian columns in two piazzas, and ruins of an aqueduct, her real pride is in the Museo di San Donato, in whose beautiful and picturesque setting Signor Bersa, Direttore for thirty years, has arranged, with a scholar's knowledge and an Italian's taste, a wealth of treasures. Under his expert guidance and that of Professor Cippico (another Italian son of Dalmatia, now head of the Department of Italian Literature in the University of London), I saw the proofs of Zara's historic past. The structure of the Museo di San Donato is unique in itself. "A round building in two stories each with six pillars and two old marble columns" is Baedeker's unilluminating description, and its few added facts convey no idea of the unique first floor. Here in the ninth century the Church was built above the pavement of the old Roman forum and this has now been uncovered and with it are exposed two long steps which lead up to some great Roman building. The excavations showed also how the foundations of walls and pilasters were ruthlessly constructed of Roman architectural fragments. Here the lower part of one side wall is composed of a whole row of drums of fluted columns, set upon edge, side by side; in the base of one pilaster is a long section of a fluted column; in others, bands of exquisite floral spirals recalling Augustan monuments, in one a clear, Augustan inscription bordered with fine, floral reliefs, probably from the base of a statue. Among the pilasters thus supported by ruined fragments tower two Corinthian columns of cippolino, inlaid in ancient beauty. The architectural fragments and the columns in the city clearly indicate two buildings of great size, one with fluted, one with smooth columns, and two other smaller structures.

In this unique Museum there are prehistoric tombstones (great stone cones, topped with pine-cones, with false doors for the inscriptions), weapons of stone and bronze, bronze utensils and jewelry characterized by great spirals in the shape of eye-glasses, and fine, gold jewelry, set with pearls, of the daintiest workmanship. From the Roman period there are many inscriptions, a few gravestones and mosaics, architectural fragments, a remarkable collection of glass of the most varied shapes, colors, and technique, many pieces exquisitely engraved. There are small collections of vases and of work in ivory; most interesting is a perfect little ivory codex with the leaves all intact. In sculpture there is one

good Roman statue of a woman (the head missing), besides a beautiful piece of Greek workmanship, a recent acquisition, a relief from a sarcophagus similar to one in the Louvre, Priam kneeling at the feet of Achilles. This brief summary does not even suggest the classical wealth or the mass of Venetian material; it only hints how Zara repays a visit.

Many of the finds came from the town of Nona, north of Zara, a mere hamlet now, once a great Liburnian city, later a Roman port. I drove up there and photographed a pile of Roman architectural fragments in the center of the village, among others a large Corinthian capital and a stunning section of an architrave, both showing the nobility of the building which must have stood near. From Sebenico I visited another important Liburnian town, Scardona, and the famous falls of the Kerka, the ancient Titius river, but of all these I must not tell, nor of the automobile ride from Zara to Sebenico via the interior towns of Tenin and Kievo in the heart of the Dinaric Alps.

From my trip to Dalmatia I brought away in memory magnificent scenes: sea of peacock blues and greens, islands like gems, sunsets reflected in wide waters, blue mountain ranges, gorges whose rocks shone gray, rose, green above a still, winding river, white cascades breaking in fall after fall down through wooded chasm. And in such landscapes appear groups of picturesque natives whose costumes, gay with red, orange, blue, belie their hard lives on a barren soil. Most of all, though, I was impressed by the traces everywhere in the coast cities of the historic past of the country, through Illyrian, Roman, and Venetian times, and by the attitude of the cultured Italians there, scholars, professors, writers, administrative officers of army and navy, who dwell with pride on the country's history. To visit Dalmatia is to get a new point of view with respect to the Adriatic problem, ancient and modern, from the character of the topography of the coasts and the civilization. And travel in Dalmatia as well as in Italy has been even this summer not only possible, but easy and delightful.
ROME, Sept. 13, 1920. ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT.

REVIEWS

Musa Americana (Third Series): Latin Odes in Classic Metres, with English Text. By Anthony F. Geyser, S. J., A.M., Professor of Latin Literature, Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Chicago: Loyola University Press (1920). Pp. 71. 25 cents.

Musa Americana (First Series). Second Edition (1920). 15 cents.

Professor Geyser's third series of Latin poems, comprising one original ode, and 17 versions (one a fragment of a projected translation of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*) totals 713 verses, about the bulk of Horace's first 31 odes. The meters used are the Glyconic, the Sapphic, the Alcaic, the Asclepiadean and Archilochian strophes, the dactylic hexameter, and the elegiac